

## The Marble Hill Press

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MARBLE HILL, MISSOURI

We wonder if the people up on Mars and as much trouble digging their canals.

There is no such word as graft in the Japanese language. They just use the word theft.

A tempest in a teapot is a small affair when compared with a revolution in a bowl of soup.

"Should a woman wear a hat for two seasons?" asks a contemporary. She should, but she won't.

It's odd, but quite true, that a ham-bone is far more comfortable with two persons in it than with one.

John Astor says the automobile will be succeeded by the air ship. And still the horse has not gone.

Newport now has two babies each worth in its own name \$100,000, or less than you would take for yours.

Kang Yu Wei, head of the Chinese Reform Association, is in New York. This sounds even more serious than the boycott.

Three hundred thousand people visited Coney Island last Sunday. The devil continues to regard vacations as unnecessary.

An eastern man has succeeded in breeding a scentless variety of stinkies. Let him now try his hand at deodorizing the autos.

Japan is going to borrow \$50,000,000. Evidently the Japs don't intend to be able to pay the indemnity right away.

Edison says radium will be as cheap as coal some day. Yet this may only mean that coal will be as expensive as radium some day.

In the baseball league standing at the end of the season, as in the apple barrel, the best and the ripest fruit is conspicuous at the top.

King Edward has had another birthday without doing anything for William Waldorf Astor. Yet they say Edward is a kindhearted king.

The price of chloroform has been reduced to 10 per cent. It is evident that Dr. Osler has not succeeded in causing the demand to exceed the supply.

We do not know certainly, but we suspect that the Baltimore man who said in his will: "The world has not loved me," never really loved the world.

When it comes to picturesque styles in revolution the South American republics are reluctantly compelled to admit that Russia has them all outclassed.

The man who bought a \$3,000 automobile in New York with a car which deserved to have it broken down with him before he turned the corner of the street.

A Chicago man advertises for "a lady stenographer," requesting that she "state her age." He must think there are ladies in that town who are very much in need of jobs.

The 8,000 English immigrants who entered the port of Boston last year would have made a very notable addition to the colony of Massachusetts, say if they had come over 200 years ago.

Mr. Peary will take with him on his polar expedition some very delicate instruments, which will let him know whether he has discovered the exact spot or no. This is a necessary precaution.

Interesting indeed is the project of the company that is planning to spend \$5,000,000 in dredging the Tiber, to make it navigable as far as Rome. There's no knowing what the dredgers may dig up.

It is said there is a singular lack of enthusiasm on the part of the guests at William Waldorf Astor's house parties. There is a lack of enthusiasm, but there is nothing singular about it.

A fashion writer tells that the "short walking skirt" is becoming shorter and the long dress skirt longer. Presently the short skirt will grow longer and the long skirt shorter until one becomes the other.

It is not true, as scoffers say, that the only difference between winter and summer in New England is that we spend our summers fishing and shoveling snow, and that in winter there's no fishing.—Boston Globe.

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# JOAN OF THE SWORD HAND

By S. R. CROCKETT, Author of "The Raiders' Co"

## CHAPTER XIII.

### Joan Stands Within Her Danger.

So soon as Werner von Orseln returned to Castle Kernberg with news of the flight of the Alla and the overwhelming numbers of the Muscovite hordes, the sad-eyed Duchess of Hohenstein became once more Joan of the Sword Hand.

The invading army must have numbered thirty thousand, at least. There were, all told, about two thousand in Kernberg. Von Orseln, indeed, could easily have raised more. Nay, they would have come in of themselves by hundreds to fight for their Duchess, but the little town could not feed more.

When Werner von Orseln and Peter Balta met the invaders at the fords of the Alla, Maurice von Lynar and Al Pfiker had remained with Joan, nominally to assist her dispositions, but really to form a check upon the impetuosity of her temper.

Now Von Orseln was back again. The fords of the Alla were forced, and the Duke of Kernberg united itself in the Earle's Nest to make its final stand.

Aloft on the highest ramparts there was a terrace walk where the Sparhawk much affected, specially when he was on guard at night. It looked towards the east, and from it the first glimpse of the Courlanders would be obtained.

Presently the chief captain's step was heard on the stone parapet.

"Ho, Sparhawk," he cried, "this is cold cheer! Why could we not have talked comfortably in hall, with a heater of meat at one's elbow?"

"I wanted to speak with you on a matter we cannot discuss elsewhere," said Maurice von Lynar.

"How long can we hold out if they besiege us?"

"Two months, certainly—with luck, three."

"What of the Duchess Joan?" persisted the young man.

"Why, in the same time she will be dead or well," said Von Orseln, with an affectionate carelessness easily seen through.

"We must get her away to a place of safety," said the young man. Von Orseln laughed.

"Get her? Who would persuade or compel our lady? Whether would she go? Would she be safer there than here? Would the Courlanders not find out in twenty-four hours that there was no Joan of the Sword Hand in Kernberg, and follow her trail?"

"We must persuade her—capture her, compel her, if necessary. Kernberg cannot for long hold out against both the Muscovite and the Courlander."

"What? Capture Joan of the Sword Hand and carry her off? The mead buzzes in the boy's head. He grows pale with anxiety and too much hard talk."

"Von Orseln," said the youth, with simple earnestness, not heeding his father's words, "I have thought deeply. I see no way out of it but this. Our lady will have made a very notable addition to the colony of Massachusetts, say if they had come over 200 years ago."

"The low," said Von Orseln, meditating, "will you prevent her absence being known? The message of so large a party may easily be traced and remembered. Though our folk are true enough and loyal enough, sooner or later what is known in the town and what is known in the town becomes known to the enemy."

Maurice von Lynar leaned forward towards his chief captain and whispered a few words in his ear.

"Ah!" he said, and nodded. Then, after a pause for thought, he added: "That is none so ill thought on for a headless yunker! I will think it over, sleep on it, and tell you my opinion tomorrow! At any rate," the chief captain growled to himself, "my fifth order may shroud. I shall never be able to face my lady again!"

The Duchess Joan was in high spirits. It had been judged necessary, in consultation with her chief officer, to ride a reconnaissance to ascertain whether the advancing enemy had cut Kernberg off towards the north. On this matter Von Orseln thought that his Highness had better judge for herself. Here at last was something to do!

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hills for the day, and the rude and chaste remains of his breakfast were still on the table. Boris and Jorian cleared these away, and, with the trained help of a seasoned man at arms, they placed before the party a breakfast prepared with speed out of which they had brought with them and those things which they had found to their hand by foraging in the nook of the northward-toward, sloped north's tongue which Jorian had carried all the way in a net at his saddle. Boris had charge of the wine skins, and from a shelf above the door they found a great butter pot full of freshly made curdled goat's milk, very delicious both to taste and smell.

Of these things they ate and drank largely, Joan and Von Orseln being too full to eat.

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a quick change of mood. "I hope he will be more ready to give up his privileges on this occasion than on that!"

She was thinking of the Princess Margaret and the heretic of trouble upon which, as the Count von Loen, she had caused the Sparhawk to enter. Then a new thought seemed to strike her.

"But my nurse and my women—how can I leave the household? I must pass before the stupid eyes of men. But they—"

"They have been sent out of harm's way into Plassenberg. There is not a woman born of woman in all the Castle of Kernberg!"

"Yes," mused Joan, "I have indeed been fairly vexed. I gave that order also by the Duke's advice. Well, let him have his run. We will leave him a firm collar of hemp at the end of it, and maybe for Werner von Orseln also, as a traitor ally to his lord and his mistress. Till then I hope you will both enjoy playing your parts."

The chief captain bowed. "I am content, my lady," he said respectfully.

"Now, good fathers all," cried Joan, "lead on. I will follow. Or would you prefer to carry me with you, hand-cuffed and coddled? I will go with you in what fashion seemeth good to my masters!"

She paused and looked around the little goatherd's hut.

"Only," she said, nodding her head, "I warn you I will take my own time and manner of coming back."

There was a deep silence as the men drew their bolts tighter and prepared to mount and depart.

"To be continued."

HER FIGURE HER FORTUNE.

Womanly Vanity That Makes Fine Art a Valuable Asset.

It was at a semi-Bohemian reception, where the writers and artists were wondering who had money and the other half were wondering what this sort of long-haired man or queer-looking woman did. The stranger must sit in a corner and asked questions about everybody, wondering at the queer assortment of ex-husbands and ex-wives and all the world-ifs, at length a woman of middle age but superb figure.

"Well, who is she?" he asked. "I don't believe she does anything!"

"Oh, doesn't she? She makes a lot of money. Don't you notice what a stunning figure she has?"

Soon Joan of the Sword Hand rose to her feet, for the women at arms had few words to say.

Let us now mount and ride home," she said, "there are no more to be found on this northern road. We shall be more fortunate upon another occasion."

Then Werner von Orseln moved himself for a battle more serious than any he had ever fought at the elbow of Henry the Lion of Hohenstein.

"My lady," he said, standing up and bowing gravely before her, "you see here eleven men who love you far above their lives, of whom I am the chief. They would also be content, who, though not of our nation, are in heart joined to us, especially in this time that we have done. With all respect, your Highness cannot so lightly permit us to come out, not to make a reconnaissance, but to put your Grace in a place of safety till the storm blows over."

The Duchess had slowly risen to her feet, with her hand on the sword which hung at her belt.

"You have suddenly gone mad, Werner!" she said; "let us have no more of this. I bid you mount and ride. Back to Kernberg, I say! You are not to do Kernberg in in good hands, and will fight bravely, but we cannot hold out for our few folk and scanty provisions against the legions of thirty thousand. Nevertheless we will not permit you to sacrifice yourself for our sake or for the sake of the women and children of the city."

"Werner von Orseln, will you obey me, or must I slay you with my hand?" she cried.

The chief captain yet further bowed his head and bowed his eyes.

"We have thought also of this," he made answer. "We may kill, but these that are with me will defend themselves, though they will not strike. And for the sake of your lives, but man by man we have sworn to do this thing. At all hazards you must abide in our hands till the danger is overpast. For me this he added in a deeper tone, I am your Highness' man, and I am your man."

For two months he had been working on the canvas, which measured eight feet by four, and had it completed save for a small blot, the outlines of which he had sketched. He intended to finish it in the next few days. He had other paintings in his room, one, "The Appian Way," for which he was recently offered \$5,000 by the Engineers' club of Manhattan.

His "Palace of the Caesars," "The Christian Annet," "The Bay of Naples" and other large canvases had won for him prizes at various exhibitions were in the room.

Jefferson's Prayer and Poutice.

The late Joseph Jefferson was suddenly taken ill while visiting at the home of a friend. The wife of the gentleman whose hospitality he had enjoyed became alarmed over his condition, and, being of a religious turn of mind, wished to infuse in the mind of the actor her belief in the necessity for spiritual contemplation. A call to his room for the purpose of applying a poultice gave her the much desired opportunity.

"Mr. Jefferson," she said, nervously shifting the poultice from one hand to the other, "for your sake, for the sake of your friends, your family, I—I would like to pray for you."

The actor listened attentively, and his answer came slowly. "Yes, ma'am," he said, "you may—for my sake, for your sake, for everybody's sake, but for heaven's sake put that poultice!"

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## RUSSIA OBJECTS TO INDEMNITY AND CESSION OF SACHALIE

Portsmouth, N. H.: It is learned that the chief feature of the Russian reply to the Japanese peace terms to be submitted by M. Witte to Baron Komura at the conference, Saturday morning will be an agreement to accept all but two conditions as bases for discussion.

The two points to which a non-possibility will be returned are the indemnity and the cession of the island of Sakhalin.

Portsmouth, N. H.: Baron Komura presented the terms upon which Japan will end the war and make peace with Russia to M. Witte at Thursday morning's session of the peace conference.

M. Witte took the momentous papers when presented and placed them in his pocket without looking at them. Immediately thereafter the conference adjourned and will so stand until the Russians are ready to give their answer, which they will do at the earliest possible moment.

Prof. Takaseki, one of the assistants to Baron Komura, speaking of the presentation of the Japanese demands on which Russia can have peace, said:

"The Portsmouth conference will end in a treaty of peace."

He came to America in 1875 and was soon assigned to a charge in the Sec of Baltimore under Cardinal Gibbons.

Two years later he was transferred to St. Matthew's Church in Washington.

St. Matthew's congregation numbered among its members representatives of every foreign embassy. It was called "the edifice of diplomats."

He became a power at the capital and enjoyed the confidence of statesmen, irrespective of creed or nationality.

His tact won him favor at the Vatican and in 1891 he was sent to Santa Fe, N. M., as coadjutor of the diocese, with the title of Bishop of Albion.

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